

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

A VISION IN THE FORM.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I stood within the Form, and saw
The great triumphant temple, marble white,
Flinging into splendor, without stain or flaw,
A world-wide wonder and the land's delight.
Then came the great deliverer, and his way
Was marked with banners and o'erthrown with flowers,
And jubilation proudly seemed to say,
"United Italy once more is one!"
"United Italy!" I cried, and thrust
My voice amid the tumult of the host,
When suddenly pale Brutus from the dust
Arose, and pointed to the blushing West.
The gladdest died within me, for behold
I saw a vision on the sunset shore;
A lovely woman made by angel hand,
In marble robes her stately mantle wore.
Sweet Peace, afflicted at her lowly lot,
Sped, wildly free, and broke her olive wand,
While Discord entered with her crown of fire,
And flaming War made bare his bloody brand;
And Liberty, with sword and shield,
Fled from her presence, weeping as she flew;
While crowned Tyranny raised instead,
Completing all that Discord left to do.
The trampled nations stalk and swept along—
Sank in despair with sorrow overborne;
While Europe's despots, growing strong and proud,
Laughed at the sight, the direful length of scorn.
Oh, pale avenger of thy country's wrong,
Point me no further with thy bloody hand,
I cried, nor show me unto whom belong
The torments that afflict my native land!
My country, oh, my country! where I stand
From Alps to Rhine, past me rolls the sea,
That one word Union wakes this antique land,
And leads her sons to triumph or to die!
And then, the great avenger, living I
The torch that dazzled tyrants, and at thou threat
That torch into the sea, and calmly sit
While Tyranny trembles at the dust!
The vision passed away, "Oh cannot I?"
From heaven they speak, and from their graves reveal;
The God who gave them victory will not see
The temple shattered which their toll has reared!

Select Tale.

DEAD, AND ALIVE AGAIN.

In 1865, a miller at Abbeville, passing by the gallows where a robber had been executed on the previous day, perceived some signs of life in him. He moved with compassion, he managed, with the assistance of his servant, to take him down and convey him home in his cart. Then he tended him carefully, until the felon was quite restored to health, with the intention of dismissing him with a sum of money, in order that the poor wretch might be enabled to recommence life in an honest manner. Unfortunately, however, this good Samaritan delayed the executions of his design too long; and on a certain Sunday—of all days in the week—this angelic second left the hospitable miller with as much of the money and valuable of the owner as he could lay his hands on. Now it so happened that the curate of Abbeville had preached an unusually short discourse, and the miller and his man came home from church in time to overtake the robber. This they did, and without wasting any more valuable time in reforming him, they took him to the gallows upon which they had found him, with many apologies for having disturbed him there, in the first instance, and there they hanged him, with particular care "pulling his wicked legs," as the chronicler, "to make sure that he should die no more." Nevertheless, the doors of this most righteous dead had to flee the country, until a pardon was obtained for them from the most Christian King. This seems to confirm the poet's theory, that in most cases dead people should remain so; keeping in mind the excellence of the saying, "Let by-gones be by-gones," nevertheless, here is a case to the contrary.

In the Church of the Apostles, at Cologne, there is a large picture descriptive of the restoration to life of Reichmuth Adolph, the wife of a councillor of that city, under circumstances which have been borrowed for materials to construct many fictitious stories of a similar kind. This lady was supposed to have died of the plague, which devastated Cologne in 1511; but being buried with a valuable ring on her finger, the sexton of the church thought it a pity such good jewelry should be wasted, and opened her coffin on the very night of her interment. This conduct she repeated by sitting up and collaring him on the instant, whereupon he fled with excruciating precipitation, under the idea that he had irritated an inhabitant of the other world. Mrs. Adolph, however, was far from dead; and leaving the vault, at once proceeded, in her grave-clothes, to her own house. She was not, however, "out of the wood" yet, except in the literal sense. The maid-servant, who was roused by her ringing, declined to let her in; although she narrated the circumstances of her re-appearance, through the keyhole, in order to still her fears. The girl was either really too terrified, or preferred a situation without a female head to it, for she did not open the door, but ran to her master's room, who informed her for her pains, that she was a dead woman; and all this time the poor lady was shivering in her shroud, and almost wishing herself back again under cover. At length she was admitted, and by means of proper treatment, so entirely

recovered, that "she afterwards had three sons who were clergymen."

An undoubtedly true experience of resurrection is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburg, who was hanged at Edinburgh, for child-murder, in 1798. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offense of which she was charged, and therefore her narrow escape is as satisfactory as strange. At the place of execution, while owing to many sins, she avowed her total innocence of the crime in question, and her husband, who had much to forgive, implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time, it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart, to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped to drink at a public house on the way, and while they were refreshed themselves, Mrs. Dixon gave indications to the bystanders that she should like to take a little something, or at all events to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but one had the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By the Scottish law, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed, cannot suffer a second time, while the marriage of the party supposed to have been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the King's advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in the high court of judicature against the unfortunate Sheriff for omitting to fulfill the law—which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived lady married her publicly, within a few days of her resurrection, and she was living so late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Capt. Gronow's recollections just published, there is a curious narrative of escape from premature interment. In the retreat of the French army, he tells us that General Orsano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Countess Walewska, and a distant relative of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the barbed of a shell which killed his horse and several soldiers who were near him. The General's aide-de-camp, on looking around observed Orsano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived and declared that life was extinct. The aide-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave—but the ground was so hard owing to the terrible cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After this was done, the aide-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was then far off, the loss the army had sustained in General Orsano, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The Emperor, who was very fond of the General, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed: "Poor fellow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!" and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself upon this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm. Furs and blankets were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter and taken to headquarters. After much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of the Emperor and the whole army. "General Orsano," concludes Gronow, "is now (1863) a Marshal of France, and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last Summer."

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in the Canons Celestines, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and the trellis-work of many a moving ballad. Shelley, for instance, has embalmed it in his *Genève*, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Legend of Florence*. Two tradesmen of the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one son, and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to this uniting their two "establishments," with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their estates by the union of the young heirs of the houses. While they were more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon, their offerings were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, a rich banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won her opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous contracts and promises notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance, after all, and that carriage exercise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The beautiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition—but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker hurried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman, as she was, she had forbidden her former young lover to ever present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred and given up by her husband, he

thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay, to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its features withered into dust; and this the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a trance, which gave him a seintification of hope that she might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having carried her body to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. The astonishment of the lady, upon resurrection, was of course extreme, but we need not hear so much about her sorrow and yielding to the most plausible arguments he urged in favor of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, desirous to revisit his native land, and feeling convinced that no one would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and within a few days the happy pair came suddenly upon the bereaved banker in the public street. If the young woman had been alone, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower; but seeing her arm-in-arm with her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away. The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value upon her while she was his own, was transported with the idea of re-possessing her, and laid his claim at once before a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length, upon both sides. The advocates for the lover argued, that but for him the lady would have no existence, would have been dead, and neither the wife of the banker nor of anybody else; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights in interring her; and even that he might think himself lucky in not being indicted for homicide, for consigning her to a living tomb. But, although the spirit of the law might be against him, with husband No. 2, the letter was against him; and seeing that the court was inclined to favor his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where the lady and himself remained until the banker died.

Miscellaneous.

MISSING—PRIVATE WILLIAM SMITH.

Respect, enter on your roll,
"Missing—Private William Smith."
Death is but a passing dream,
Life a false and shadowy gleam,
Comrades, close your eyes and rank!
He was of the first platoon;
Missing Private William Smith
Doubtless will be heard of soon.
Missing Private William Smith
Lead the charge that turned the day;
Through the thickest of the fight,
He lay by, he lay by, he lay by.
When I last saw Private Smith
He was grinning with mirth and glee;
What if Private William Smith
Should be heard of never more?
Comrades! soldiers should not mourn,
He was every inch a man!
Men have fallen in the fight
Ever since the world began,
Yet I would know the truth,
Now the fight is past and done—
Missing Private William Smith
Has a wife and little one.
Would I knew that clanking chain
Bound his little manacle on?
Would I knew a prison wall
Held his limbs though wounded sore!
Would that missing Private Smith
Were heard of once again!
Wounded, captive, so that he
Be not of the nameless slain.

Mr. Nabby Enjoys a Vision of the Next World.

CONFIDENTIAL X ROADS, (which is in the State of Kentucky,) February 5, 1866.

Last night I retired to my virtuous couch at precisely half-past 11, after eating a rather late supper, for that time of night. I allow me it a pint to eat late in the evening, for I'm gittin old and my digestive faculties ain't what they wuz when I was young. Alas! We hev lived on the best part of our days, what wood we give to be set back to the time when, with our faculties unimpaired, we could consumm a good square meal without fear of consequences. But—

"Them happy days is fled
And never will return."

I paid my respects to 2 missus pie, a pair uv pigs foot, some cold tongue, a plate uv tripe, followed by a half dozen do-nuts and a couple or more uv glasses uv hot whiskey punch, and singler ez I may seem, it didnt eat well. I dreamed all nite and my dreams wuzent at all pleasant. Methinks I had decent and wuz in the next world. It was a singler site that met my vision. The dividin line between this world and the next wuz a swift stream uv water, and decent spirits had to cross it. The water wuz aintin like that uv the Del Sea. A man un-kumbrud with anything good walk on it, but the sunk down in it that was load-ed, accordin to what the hed to carry. On the other side uv this Jordan wuz Heaven—the dominions uv His Majesty, Satan the 1st, wuz below, and to it a strong under-current flowed, which took

all them ez wuz too heavy loaded to keep their chins above water.

On the bank stood more than 2 millions uv little devils, who sung onto the shoulders I them tryin to cross, their failins and weaknesses and iniquities.

General Breckinridge wuz the first that I saw enter the flood. He hed on a life preserver labeld Stait Rites, but a peert little devil stuck a pin in it, and it collapsed, the gas with which it wuz filled smellin horribly. Down he went, and ez he sunk they commenced paltin him with packages labeld "Treason," "Perjury," and "Murder," and John C. went under.

Old James Bookanna went next. The old gentleman didnt keep above water ez long ez a able bodied man could hold a bar uv red hot iron in his head. He made one splash, when a weight labeld "Treason" struck him, and down he went. The gentlemanly and urbane devil who hed him in charge, hed a big pile more uv ammunition to discharge at him, but that one wuz sufficient.

Vallandigham come next. I wuz surprized to see no one make a moebun at him, but he sunk all the same. "We never waste effort," sez Satan to me; "he carries out natural consequences about him all the time to sink him, without puttin anything onto him that he did ten days ago."

Frank Pierce made his appearance, but declined to enter. He wuz immejely seized, and on each leg wuz tied a wate labeld "Kansas," and the flung him in. He went down like a shot, and that's the 1st I seed of him.

Garret Davis went in, and to my surprize, passed over safely. Nothin wuz flung at him, for wich I asked the reason.

"Why," sez Satan, "the poor old man isn't accountable. He commenced to talk many years ago, and keeps on talkin becoz he really dont know when to stop. I cood hev sunk him, but the fact is I yoonited endow what the Sinit uv the Yoonited Stait hed hed to for the last few years, for a dozen uv Tomba lawyers. Besides this, I'm gittin more from Kentucky now than I'm really entitled to. I've a mortgage on two-thirds uv that Stait."

Fernandy and Ben Wood come up rather bold and entered the flood ez tho' the wuz shore uv goin through all rite. With an inimitable chuckle, Satan moobud away the inexperienced devils, and sez "Leave em to me," and at Ben he hurld a package uv the Noo York News, which awashed him down instanter. Next ez Fernandy wuz beginn to reach the other shore he flung on2 him an assortment uv wates labeld "Lotteries," "Riots," wich took him down to the arm pits, and finished by tumblin on2 him a mass on2 wich wuz ritten "Mayorality," and down he went, at wich Hiz Majesty drew a sigh uv relief.

Seen the stile uv the men who sunk, I remarked on2 him:

"This war bez a rather profitable thing for yoo."

"Nuthin to speak uv," sez he. "The leaders uv the Sutherbers wuz sum uv em onest, and got thro on that account, and the rank and file wuz ignorant retcher and ain't accountable now. The leadin in Copperheads uv the North, wuz mine anyhow, from the beginnin. Eeny man who cood sympathize with the rebels in such a struggle, must yoo will acknowledge, hev hed a long career uv iniquity to fit em for such a sin. Why," said he, "do you think I use all the shot I hev? Not enny. Them yoo've seen piled on wuz used becoz, ben the last, the wuz on the top uv the pile."

Eeny quantity uv your party escape me. Them fellers who are yit votin for Jaxon, I'll never git, and the most uv them ez alluv votes unscratched tickets will do2 me. Their innocence protects em. It takes a moditly smart man to be vialins enuff to distinguish between good and evil, cussedness enuff to deliberately chuse the latter, and brains enuff to do sumthin startlin in that line. Dan Voorhees, uv Indiana, bez all these qualities developed to a degree wich exites my profound respect. Atween him and Fernandy Wood it's nip and tuck. Fernandy done wicked things with more neatness than Voorhees, but for a actual love uv doin em, Voorhees beats the world. I sed," continued he, "that the war wuzent uv much yoose to me. I repeat it—it wuz a damage."

Afore the war, I hed my own way party much in the Suthern Stait. For every octoroon I cood count on at least 2 planters, and under the patriarkal sistem uv Afrikin slavery, (wich, by the way, wuz one uv my most brilliynt conspeshuns) octoroons multiplied with a rapidity plesin to behold. But now, alas! the octoroon biases is done, and my best lo2 is gone. I hev cum little hope, however. The Dimocory are displayin a vigger I didnt think the posset. Ez that kin only git strength enuff to elect the next President and re-establish slavery! The thowt fills me with unutterable gae. The redoubt uv the nigger to bondige agin, wood give me a clean title to every last one who helped to do it, and in gittin em back in2 their normal condition, (by the way that's another phreze uv mine,) there'd be enuff slaughterin and murderin to satisfy several sich Satans ez I am. I'd help em if I knowed how, but can't improve on either their speekers or ritters, ez ez long ez men will uv my work gratin, I dont see the yoose uv inter-ferin."

At this pint, a couple uv small imps undertook to push me in2 the stream, and in the struggle, I awoke. My dream wuz o'er, but the impresson remaned. "Kin it be," mazed I, pensively, "that

we are doin the devil's work, and are to be finally rewarded in the manner I saw in my vision? Ez so, hedn't I better quit and repent?"

But I thewt agin, that however it mite be for younger men, it wood be uv no yoose for me. I hed votid the straight ticket for thirty years, and the ten or twelve years I hed to live wuz too short a time in wich to repent unsuccessfally uv sich iniquity. So I sunk in2 sleep agin, this time dreamin that I hed turned Pont-an—had elected myself Hed Senter for the Stait uv Kentucky, and wuz investin \$75,000 in a magnificent plantation.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY.
Lait Pastor uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensation.

Useful and Curious.

THE CAUSES OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

A veteran railway engineer of acknowledged skill said, some years since, to a young brother of the profession:

Within ten years you will hear of frequent and fatal accidents on the American railway. They will increase to an extent that will be actually appalling. The wood and iron on which the wheels of the trains run last but a certain time. At present they are mostly new, and the danger of which I speak does not exist. They will continue to look sound to the eye until their texture has been changed by constant hammering of the heavily-loaded wheels, and then they will suddenly give way.

The first warning the companies will have of their unsoundness, with expectation of the length of time they have been in use, will be some accident to the trains that pass over them. But the time which has elapsed since they were laid will not be rewarded. The desire for profit will induce the railway companies to leave them on the track as long as the superintendents find no defect to the eye, and thus disaster and discover of their defective condition will occur at the same moment.

What was predicted six years ago is beginning to take place.

APPLES IN RED JELLY.—Six apples, twelve cloves, pounded sugar, one lemon, two tea-cupfuls water, one table-spoonful gelatine, cochineal, a few drops. Peel the apples, scoop out the cores, and put into each apple two cloves and as much sifted sugar as they will hold. Place them, without touching each other, in a large pie-dish; add more sugar, the juice of one lemon, and two tea-cupfuls of water. Bake in the oven with a dish over them, till they are done. Look at them frequently, and as each apple is cooked, place it in a glass dish. They must not be left in the oven after they are done, or they will break. Do not let them touch in the dish. Strain the liquor in which they were stewing, and the rind of a lemon and a table-spoonful of gelatine which has been previously dissolved in cold water, and if not sweet, a little more sugar, and six cloves. Boil till clear; color with cochineal; strain and cool. Then pour it round the apples.—This is a pretty supper dish.

THE TEETH.—As the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about six or eight hours out of twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the priceless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort, if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweetmeats, fruit, etc., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth for six or seven hours, yet how few ever take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entering the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth.

TO REVIVE FADED BLACK CLOTHES.—Boil two or three ounces of logwood in vinegar, and when the color is extracted, drop in a piece of carbonate of iron, which is the same nature as rust of iron, as large as a chestnut, let it boil. Have the coat or pantaloons well sponged with soap and hot water, laying them on the table and brushing the nap down with a sponge.

Then take the lay upon the table, and sponge them all over with the dye, taking care to keep them smooth, and brush downward. When completely wet with warm water, and sponge all over with this, and it sets the color so completely that nothing rubs off. They must not be wrung nor wrinkled, but carefully hung up to drain. The brownest cloth may be made a real black in this simple manner.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking into a fire is injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as then they are obliged to make great exertions. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection.

The Fun of the Thing.

A FALL SERENADE.

BY A LOVER WITH A COLD IN HIS HEAD.

Oh! ask he dot to blow by dose
By chattering one, by owd;
You may dot know de here I feel—
It never cad be doted!
Oh! brighten up fly to other sodes,
Or dwell in yoder star,
Oh! ded by baby hand, id him
I'd strike by light catarrh!
Chorus.—Uhi ask he dot, do.

The wild that blows across the door,
Hed it a dose to blow,
With such a code as I hab got,
Ah! would it blow it! Doat!
But see, de eye of nobbing doted
Are glazing on de dew;
I hear de berry league howl,
By hidden fair—St-tickin.

THE INQUEST.

Poor Peter Pike is drowned, and the neighbors say
The Jerry mean to sit on him to-day.
"Know't what that wot for?" said Jim.
Quest Ned, "No doubt."
"Tis merely dose to squeeze the water out."

PUT 'EM TO SOAK.—A correspondent writes that in view of the course of the President in the wholesale pardoning of prominent rebels, perhaps the following anecdote may not come amiss:

In a Baptist church in the western part of Connecticut, during a revival, a man became a subject of the awakening and was anxious to join said church, but his antecedents had been such that the members hesitated about admitting him. They finally concluded that each member should give his vote and his reasons for or against his admittance. They all gave their votes one way or the other, until Caesar, an honest Guinea negro, being called, remarked, "he say he be good man, he say he be converted, he say he meet de saving change, now we can't see de heart, and we s'pose it must be so, and we must admit him, but I guess we had better put him a soak over night."

A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flathery undertook to tell how many were at the party: "The two Croagans were one; myself was two; Mike Finn was three, and—and—how the devil was four? Let me see, counting his fingers—the two Croagans were one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three—and—boded! there was four of us, but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it's myself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Croagans was two, myself was three—and—by my soul, I think there was but three of us, after all."

A very talkative little girl died often to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally fattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed—"Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose. Why he hasn't got any."

A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed: "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself: "I knew it; there's a pair of shoes gone to the thunder."

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—A Colorado paper is responsible for the following story of two Liberator voters at the recent election for or against the adoption of negro suffrage in that State: No. 1 clucked in a vote "against the Constitution and for the negro suffrage." No. 2 says, "What the devil are ye voting that way for? wne we don't want nager suffrage!" "Oh! I'll tell with the nager," replied thick head, "let him suffer and be damned to him."

A Dutchman, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said: "Dey wuz very much alike, especially de off one; and de one looked so much like both that he could not tell de order from wich; wne he went after de one he always caught de order, and he whipt de one almost to death becoz de order kicked at him."

"So, poor Miss Prim is dead at last, Miss Singleton?"
"Oh, yes, poor creature; she couldn't bear to hear Dr. Squibs was a sipping up to Widow Wimpole; so she just filled with grief, and sunk under it."
"Poor, unfortunat creature!" said the old maid. "How does my new cap look, Miss Singleton?"

KNEW HIM VERY WELL.—"Come here, my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled. "Do you know me?" "Yith, thir." "Who am I? Let me hear?" "You ith the man who kiked mamma when pep was in New York."

TRAY'S THE WAY.—"Pomey, why am I dead? I always at work at de oshum cable?" "Go way Jape, I dunno."
"Well den, 'cause he's de-Cyrus to have is second." Dat's all.

Patriot gave his testimony in the riot case: "Be jabbers, the first man I saw coming at me wuz two brickbats."

For the Farmer.

DURATION OF GRAPE VINES.—By a notice somewhere lately, we saw it stated that a crop of grapes in vineyards cannot be depended on longer than four seasons, thus forming a serious drawback to their culture. If this is so, there can be but little doubt it is owing to the severe pruning they receive, to keep them within the prescribed bounds of the vine-dressers. As it is well known, our native grapes are very luxuriant growers, and to confine their growth to two or three sticks a few feet high is enough to cause any sensible grape to rebel.

One thing is quite certain, no such short-lived fruitfulness is observable in the grape when grown on trellises or "racks" used so frequently East, nor when they have the side of a large building to ramble on. Here they can often be met with many years old, bearing heavy crops of grapes every year.

Cannot a hint be taken from this to so construct the supports for vineyard culture, that new space may be given a vine each year, or as its growth seems to require it. This we are confident would help the vines retain their vigor for a number of years.

To grow in this style would require much fewer plants, although at first it might not be amiss to plant moderately thick, cropping those heavy, it might be desirable to take out altogether as the permanent ones might require the room. Always remembering that to over-trim the permanent ones might defeat the ultimate object, as there can be but little doubt vines are often much injured by early over-bearing.

MANURING TREES.—Some people, in setting fruit and other trees, have made the mistake of applying manure directly upon the roots. That is a ruinous practice, as the fibres of roots of trees can only derive sustenance by direct contact with the earth. When trees of any kind are set out, the roots should first be covered with a rich loam, well trodden down, and upon this loam, a little manure of any kind may be safely placed; but it is better to spread it upon the surface of the ground, where it acts as a mulch, and prevents any injury to trees from drought, unless very severe and long protracted.

WEIGHTS OF PRODUCE.—The following are the established weights of various articles of produce, and the rates by which they should be bought and sold:

A bushel of wheat, 60 pounds; of corn on the cob 70 lbs.; of shelled corn, 56 lbs.; of rye, 56 lbs.; of oats, 56 lbs.; of barley, 48 lbs.; of potatoes, 60 lbs.; of timothy seed, 45 lbs.; of flax seed, 56 pounds; of hemp seed, 44 lbs.; of buckwheat, 52 lbs.; of blue grass seed, 14 lbs.; of castor beans, 46 lbs.; of dried peas, 33 lbs.; of dried apples, 24 lbs.; of onions, 57 pounds; of salt, 50 pounds; of coal, 124 pounds.

It is stated as a new discovery, that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system, beans will grow into nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and allowed to rust there will impart to it all the necessary qualities for forcing vegetation as described.

CURE FOR COLIC IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Western Rural (Detroit) says the following is a sure cure for this disease:

Dissolve one pint of salt in a pint of hot water; then add a quart of good vinegar and pour half of the mixture down the horse's throat. If the horse is not well in half an hour, give him the balance, and you will soon find him all right.

The Horticultural directs that currants be pruned in winter, manured in autumn, every alternate year, and the soil be kept clean and mellow till after bearing. To which we may add that if all old wood is kept cut away, and young shoots constantly springing in its place, something like the Renewal system of pruning grapes, but not so close, good cultivation will give heavy crops of fine large currants from the same bushes for a life-time.

It is said that to secure early ripening corn, selection should be made of such ears as have small cobs; large cob varieties are usually late. It will also ripen earlier on soil that has a warm position, is underdrained, deeply plowed and rich.

Rapid growth develops an apple rapidly; but it also throws it the farther into the fall—making it a later as well as a larger apple, more juicy but less flavored.

Colonel Woodman, an old dairyman of Maine, says that his experience tells him that if a heifer's first calf is a male, she will not prove to be much of a milk-er.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says he sowed the milder of his grapes last summer by a sprinkling of plaster and sulphur.

When forest trees are replanted the should present the same sides to the sun-points of the compass as when they stood in their natural places.

Keep your stock growing—there is economy in shortening their food, when all they will eat.